

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he faz'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandment, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion. or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despite of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and the Veluet. Thou art the List.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou't a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I thinke I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fife thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Iulietta with childe.

Luc. Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it drawes something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Common-wealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you; good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clow. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam Iuliet. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Clow. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition, But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Claw. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight

The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust. (strait.

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this re- Clow. From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty

As surfet is the father of much fast, So euery Scope by the immoderate vs

Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue Like

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane, A thirstie euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, Claudio?

Clow. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What's it murder?

Clow. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Clow. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Clow. One word, good friend: Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherie so look'd after?

Clow. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract I got possession of Iuliet as bed,

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife, Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This we came not to, Onely for propogation of a Dower

Remaining in the Coffer of her friends, From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue

Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanches The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too grosse, is writ on Iuliet.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Clow. Vnhappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke, Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publike, be A horse whereon the Gouernor doth ride,

Who newly in the Seate, that it may know He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:

Whether the Tittanny be in his place, Or in his Eminence that fills it vp

I stagger in: But this new Gouernor Awakes me all the inrolled penalties

Which haue (like vn-scow'd Armor) hung by th' wall So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,

And none of them beene worne; and for a name Now puts the drowse and neglected Act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may

figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Clow. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found. I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde seruice:

This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter, And there receiue her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state, Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputie: bid her selfe aslay him, I haue great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechlesse dialect, Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art

When she will play with reason, and discourse, And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray shee may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand vnder greuous im-

position: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of tick-

tacke: Ile to her.

Clow. I thanke you good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two

Clow. Come Off

See

Enter Duk

Duk. No: holy Fa

Beleue not that the d

Can pierce a complea

To giue me secret har

More graue, and wrin

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Gr

Duk. My holy Sir,

How I haue euer lou'd

And held in idle price

Where youth, and co

I haue delin'd to Lo

(A man of stricture an

My absolute power, an

And he supposes me tr

(For so I haue strew'd

And so it is recei'd: I

You will demand of m

Fri. Gladly, my L

Duk. We haue stri

(The needfull bits and

Which for this fourer

Euen like an ore-grow

That goes not out to p

Having bound vp the

Onely to sticke it in th

For terror, not to vie:

More mock'd, then fear

Dead to inflection, to

And libertie, plucks tu

The Baby beates the N

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in you

To vnloose this tyde-v

And it in you more dre

Then in Lord Angelo.

Duk. I doe feare: t

Sith 'twas my fault, to g

'T would be my tirrany

For what I bid them do

When euill deedes hau

And not the punishmen

I haue on Angelo impos

Who may in th' ambush

And yet, my nature neu

To do in slander: And

I will, as 'twere a broth

Visit both Prince, and P

Supply me with the hab

How I may formally in

Like a true Friar: Moe

At our more leysure, sha

Onely, this one: Lord

Stands at a guard with E

That his blood flowes:

Is more to bread then st

If power change purpos